

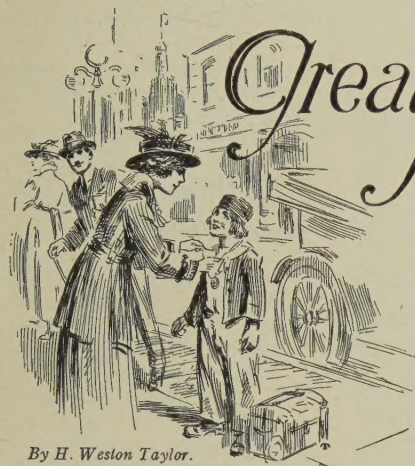
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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By H. Weston Taylor.

Great-grandfather's Parting Gift

by

RUBY HOLMES MARTYN

GREAT-GRANDFATHER had slipped the silken cord over his neck and the round piece of wood attached to it lay on Jan's bare throat.

"Ye'll no forget me when ye come to be a man, lad Jan, if ye keep this parting gift I've carved for ye," he said.

Jan felt very sober indeed as he looked into his great-grandfather's wrinkled face, and he kept his hands clasped tightly on the arm of the chair in which the old man sat.

"Do ye think I'll like it 'way yonder where father is?" he asked anxiously.

"Like it? Why, what ye'll find is that your dad needs ye and by the wayside there'll be many a one glad of kindness. Ye can't stop to be lonesome where people's glad of kindness, and I'm pretty sure that's everywhere in the world!"

Jan fingered the bit of wood at his throat. Great-grandfather had carved it for his parting gift, so he should never forget the happy days in the old land. On one side was a relief picture of the church tower whose bells had summoned Jan to service every Sunday morning since he could remember; and on the other side there were carved Jan's own initials.

"I'll miss ye, grandpa!" he said wistfully.

"I'll miss ye too, lad! If I had a bag of money I'd buy ye a gold chain to hang my parting gift to your neck by; but perhaps 'tis better that ye should get the gold chain for yerself there in the strange country, and methinks ye'll have it soon! Ye've been a kind boy to your old gran'folks and ye're going to stay the same sort of a lad across seas!"

"I'll be writing to ye how I find my gold chain!" said Jan, proudly.

The next day Jan started on his long, long journey with his mother and four brothers younger than he whose heads made a regular pair of stairs when they stood in a row.

It was a year since the father had gone away to the New World, and now he had sent the money for them all to come there. At first Jan kept account how many days it was since they had left the little house by the canal where he helped mother tend the

drawbridge to earn their living. For two whole days they had traveled on a barge down the canal toward the great ocean. It had taken one more day to go from where the barge tied up to the big ship; and the next day they were beyond the sight of any land. Then it was that Jan began to lose his count of the days, so he let that all go and thought only how it was that each day was one nearer their father waiting in the new home-land.

After many days at sea there came one wonderful moment when word was passed around that the new land was in sight, and Jan stood by the rail and strained and strained his eyes until he finally saw what looked like a thick haze lying low on the horizon. As the day wore on that haze grew and grew until they sailed into a wonderful harbor where many boats were passing to and fro, and bordered by a city whose buildings reached up into the clouds.

The next thing Jan knew everybody from his part of the big boat was taken to a place where each one had to answer a great many questions asked by a man who spoke the home language rather queerly; another man looked into his mouth and rolled back the lids of his eyes. At last a blue tag was fastened to every one of them, and a short man who spoke the home language very queerly indeed took them away on a boat to the great city, where the noise of people and cars and teams and autos sounded like a terrible din to Jan. He walked right behind his mother and held very closely indeed to one of his small brother's hands, while with the other he tugged along his roped, heavy, wooden, trunk-shaped box.

Then, above the roar of the city sounds, Jan was sure he heard a dog bark. He knew dogs pretty well and he felt certain by the sound of this particular yelp that the dog who made it wanted to fight some dog he could see. The very next instant another dog barked in sharp retort, and Jan knew they were both eager for a fight if they could get at each other.

Jan's blue eyes were bright to look about and see if they could spy anything. He saw that in a big automobile standing by the curbstone there was a bulldog tied to a stout leather leash. How blood-shot his eyes were, and his teeth showed as he tugged at the securely fastened leash! How he did want to fight!

By following the direction in which this dog was looking Jan caught sight of the other dog. The second one was coming along the sidewalk with a young lady who looked pretty vexed as she pulled at one end of a leash while the dog pulled for all he was worth at the other end. Jan could see that she was using all her might to keep her strong dog from jumping straight away at the dog in the automobile. He knew that if ever these two dogs got together there would be an awful fight!

"Sic 'em!" cried a small boy encouragingly from the corner of an alleyway.

Jan understood the meaning of those words all right, though they were spoken in the strange tongue.

"Shame on you!" he yelled, and the alleyway boy understood exactly what Jan meant if he did not know that language, and slunk out of sight.

That very instant the young lady's dog gave such a sudden leap that he pulled the leash right out of her hand. Jan did not wait to see if any one else was acting or not, for he knew there was no time to lose. He dropped his trunk so suddenly that it clattered loudly on the pavement, and leaped forward to intercept the free dog. The way in which he ran forward purposely made it necessary for the dog to alter his course a little, and as he went by Jan's hand caught at the flying leash and held it just long enough to enable him to get a still firmer grip with his other hand, for the boy's hands and arms were very strong and calloused from working in the fields and helping his mother with the drawbridge.

But that dog was strong too, and he pulled Jan down before the boy could get a good foothold on the pavement. He clung to the leash, though the dog drew him over the hard stones and he lost his hat and the crowd shouted that he was in danger of a team horse's feet. But it was not until he was sure some men had the dog that he let go the leash.

When he got up on his feet again, Jan shook the hair out of his eyes and discovered that a crowd had gathered around him. How they did chatter in that strange language! Jan knew well enough that they were questioning him, but he shook his head that he did not understand their words and tried to get back to where he had dropped his trunk. His hands ached where the skin had been torn from them in the struggle, and he wanted to see his mother's familiar face.

A man offered him a handful of silver coins, and he shrewdly guessed this was the owner of the dog in the automobile. But he would not take the coins. He had never done kindnesses for money in the old home-land and did not see any reason to start that way in the new.

Something felt odd and different from what he was used at Jan's throat, and he quickly put up his hand. The parting gift that had been carved for him by his great-grandfather's loving hands was gone!

"My keepsake!" he cried.

The young lady whose dog he had caught saw the gesture and the stricken look pass over his face, and she was very quick to know that something was wrong.

"What have you lost?" she asked in Jan's own mother tongue, and though she spoke it too primly for a native the sound of her sweet voice was like music to the lad in this strange land.

"I've lost the keepsake great-grandfather gave me when we came away! It must have dropped from my neck onto the stones here!"

He would have knelt right down to commence the search, but she checked him with a command.

"Tell me what it was like!"

Jan told her about how large it was by the circle of his forefinger and thumb, and he told her too how the old, old man had carved it for him to keep always for a memory of the old home-land.

So, while the boy was on his knees searching over the cobblestones and in the crevices between them, the young lady spoke to the crowd so they could understand about what he had lost and help in the search for the keepsake.

He forgot all about the pain in his hands; he forgot the strangeness of the place around him; he fought back the tears that would half blind him for the search. He must find the dear old man's parting gift!

But it was not Jan himself who found it after all. A fat man with bright eyes put the keepsake in his hand again. How glad Jan was! His blue eyes shone as brightly as the stars shine under his old home-land winter sky! He rubbed the street dust from the picture of the church tower, and found the keepsake itself was unharmed, but the silken cord by which the old man had hung it around his neck was cut and useless.

"I'll have to start earning that gold chain as soon as I can get at it," he thought.

But the young lady had seen the accident and held out her hand.

"Let me take your keepsake a minute, Jan!" she said.

Her hands moved very quickly as she unclasped a slender gold chain from her own neck and slipped one end through the hole in his keepsake, and then he felt the warm metal chain on his own bare neck. What an odd thing that the tears should be in his eyes and a choky feeling in his throat when he was so happy!

"You must write and tell your great-grandfather that you're wearing his parting gift on a gold chain now, Jan! Don't you think he would like to know you were brave during the very first walk you took in the new home-land?" she said, touching the blue tag he wore in his buttonhole as a sign that she understood he had just come.

"Yes, oh, yes!" he cried. "I was meaning to have a gold chain for it!"

A few minutes later the crowd had dispersed as mysteriously and quickly as it had gathered. Jan had picked up his wooden trunk by its stout cord and was going along the street again behind his mother, the same small brother's hand clasped tightly in his. But he felt more at home and fearless now.

"Mother!" he said softly. "How glad people are of kindness! Gran'pa said it would be so in the new country just as in the home-land."

And his mother turned to smile.

"That's what the good pastor always

taught us, son! That there are people glad of kindness everywhere in the world! And God is always glad too!" she said.

That was how it all came about that Jan could write home to the old man he loved, that he was wearing the keepsake on a gold chain; and he couldn't be lonesome where people were glad of kindness. And the old man read between the lines of that letter how Jan had been brave and true and strong to help, and a boy like that is sure to find gladness everywhere he goes!

Seldom can a heart be lonely

If it seek a lonelier still;

Self-forgetting, seeking only

Emptier cups of love to fill.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Robert and the Raccoon.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"OH, there are some new animals in the littlest monkey's cage," Robert cried as he and Dan approached the monkey's cage in the park. "See them up on that shelf."

"They have tails with rings around them," Dan cried in turn. "One of them is coming down off the shelf."

"He's hungry," Robert exclaimed; "see—he is picking up the peanut the monkey dropped."

With its queer, stiff, little front paws with their long black toes the animal picked up the nut and held it while it opened the shell. Then very daintily it ate the inclosed kernel.

"Now it's going to get a drink," Dan remarked as it started for the water pan in the corner.

"No, it isn't"—Robert exclaimed. "If it isn't washing its hands!"

Surely enough, the round little animal was washing its paws in the water, rubbing them together very carefully and dipping them in a second time.

"Well, I declare!" Dan exclaimed, looking down at his own rather grimy hands.

"I am going home and tell mother and ask her what it is," Robert remarked, hurrying away from the cage. Dan followed.

"A fat little animal with a kind of flat head and rings around its tail?" Mrs. Renton repeated as Robert seated himself on the footstool at her feet. "Why, I am sure it must have been a raccoon. Did you notice anything else peculiar about it?"

Robert's eyes sparkled. "Yes, indeed," he answered. "It washed its hands after it got through eating."

"Why, I never knew that it did that," Mrs. Renton exclaimed; "but it is said that they wash corn and other food before they eat it, often carrying it a great distance to the water before they eat."

"I guess the raccoon must be the cleanest animal there is," Robert said. "What else do they eat beside peanuts?"

His mother laughed. "Any one in the country who has chickens would be able to inform you concerning that," she answered; "they are very destructive around the poultry yard, killing the chickens but eating only the head."

"What else do they eat?" Robert asked.

"Nuts, I suppose, since the one in the park liked peanuts, and small animals and insects. They are also very fond of corn."

"I think they are very pretty animals," Robert said thoughtfully, "as well as good

natured; the monkey kept tormenting this one, but he was as good natured as you please about it. They rolled about and played together just like two kittens."

"It seems to me that a raccoon has some qualities that a small boy might do well to imitate," Robert's mother remarked quietly. "What would you say if I wrote to Uncle James, who lives in the mountains, and asked him to look out for a young one for a pet?"

Robert danced up and down. "I would say that I would try to be as clean as a coon and as good natured as one," he answered gleefully.

"That is what I wanted you to say," Mrs. Renton answered, smiling. "I shall write to Uncle James this afternoon."

Little Ginger.

BY FLORENCE L. PATTERSON.

IN a village whose name I have wholly forgot,

At the turn of a beautiful street,
Lived a father and mother so worthy and wise
That their little ones should have been sweet.

But alas, for these parents so worthy and wise!

And alas, for their peaceable life!
They had a small daughter whose temper was such

That their days were all tumult and strife.

Her nickname was Ginger, her hair it was brown,

She looked like a dutiful child,
But her tantrums were such that they startled the town,
And drove all her family wild.

They talked to her often, they tried every plan

To punish, to coax, and to frown,
But she quarreled and fought till there hardly remained
A toy in this tormented town.

At last in despair, since their efforts proved vain,

And not knowing what else to do,
They summoned the Forcible Fairies in haste
To help this bad child to subdue.

It took not a moment for them to decide,

On hearing the facts of the case,
They brought in a twinkling a blue and white jar
Such as never was seen in that place,

And then with a wave of their Wonderful Wand

They banished the cry and the frown,
And into that jar, which was just a snug fit,
They packed and they sugared her down.

And there in the dark of that snug little house,

They left her the whole of the day,
And her parents then found that with sweetness and time
All her badness had vanished away.

The Forcible Fairies a lesson can teach,

To all who are reading my rhyme,
There's nothing will help you good temper to gain
Like quiet and sweetness and time.

A "Still Alarm."

BY ESTHER G. BABSON.

THE Marvins were going to move to the country. Their big city house was to be sold, and they were going down to the Marvin homestead at Dumfield, where Aunt Kate lived.

Elinor Marvin, the sole remaining girl at home (for the others had married years before), bitterly bewailed her hard lot, and took no trouble to hide her grief at leaving the city and all her friends. At sixteen it did seem hard to be obliged to wear Cousin Sarah's made-over clothes, and to leave the school where she was to graduate in another year. But Mr. Marvin had met with severe losses and the move was a necessary one.

One night, after the first week at Dumfield, while helping mother with the dishes, Elinor poured forth all her pent-up misery, and mother, although loving and sympathetic, begged her daughter to make an effort to be more cheerful.

"Don't let father see how homesick you are, dear; you seem to have forgotten how to smile, and he feels dreadfully to have you take our trouble in this way. Remember that it is worse for him than for us."

"Why, mother, this is his old home! He loves the place and the people here; and this old horrid house—why, I just wish it would burn down, so we could get the insurance and all, but he,"—

"Oh, don't say that, dear child; your father and Aunt Kate love this house and it's home to us all now, so we must try to be happy here."

Three months went by before Elinor stopped dreaming of the city and longing for the things she had left behind, when one Saturday afternoon Aunt Kate asked her to go up into the attic to bring down a piece-bag. Elinor went upstairs and into the little unused room at the back, set her candle down on a chair, and was groping for the piece-bag, when a voice from the stairs called, and she went half-way down to hear Aunt Kate say that there was no hurry about the pieces, as a neighbor had come in.

On returning, Elinor saw, far over under the eaves, a little hair-covered trunk. "How cunning!" she said to herself. "I wish Aunt Kate would let me have that to put my letters in." She opened it and found that some one else had been of that same mind, for it was full of neatly tied packages of letters; her father's writing mostly—why, there was her name. Curiosity got the better of her. She sat down on the little trunk, looked over a few, and finally came to one written by her father to his mother (Grandmother Marvin, dead twelve years).

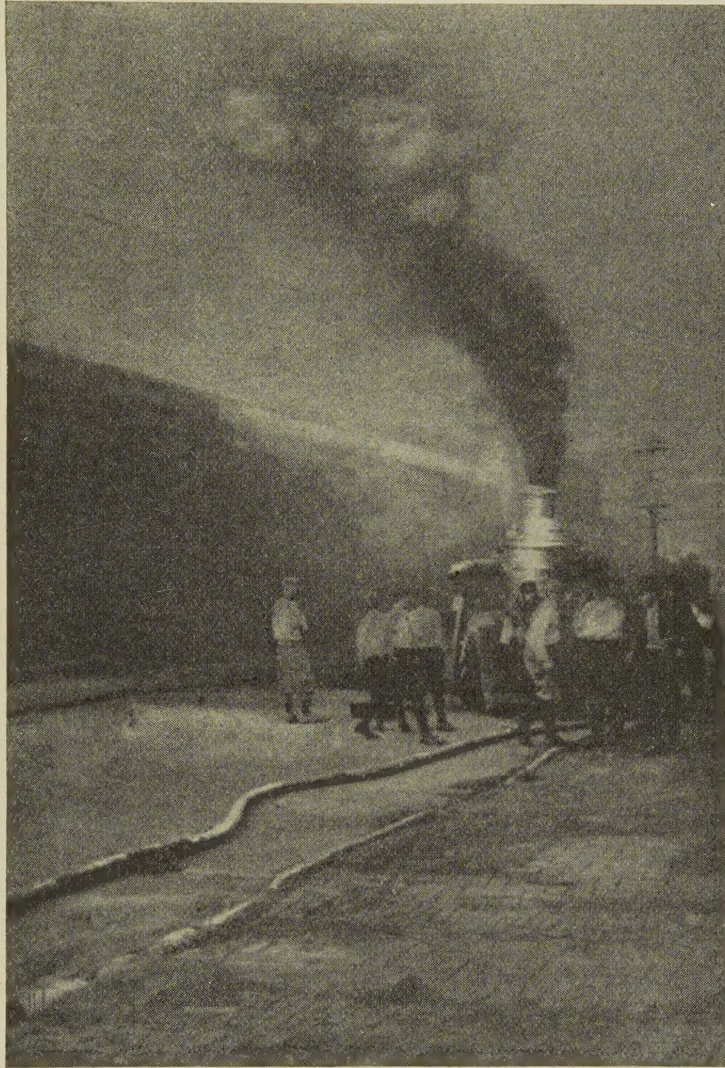
Yes, dear mother [the letter ran], we have another little girl after ten years, and although we had both hoped for a boy, it is all right as it is. Our girls have been good and happy, but they will probably

leave us for homes of their own, and perhaps our little Elinor will stay with us when the shadows lengthen. I am so glad, mother, I named her after you. I hope she will inherit your cheerful, genial disposition, always radiant with good-will towards everything and everybody.

Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

The letter dropped from Elinor's hand, and tears stood in the brown eyes, but tears, this time, not of self-pity and discontent, but of genuine remorse and sorrow, as she thought of her father; his pride in his children, his unselfish and sweet nature. That



By C. Howard Schotofor.

"The fire is in the back attic; take your hose around the yard."

poor father, stripped of position and money by trusting unscrupulous men; now old and feeble, taking an underpaid position in his little home town. A sort of alarm struck Elinor's heart! What if anything should happen to him before she had a chance to make up, or show how much she loved him! Oh, she must try so hard to regain her old fun with him, her cheerfulness and laughter! She must show interest in the tales of boyhood days in the old town. How could she have been so blind? Elinor had been so absorbed in the letter that she had not noticed the slamming of the door to the little room, and now conscience so stirred her that she realized nothing save her own selfishness.

Suddenly down the street she heard some one call "Fire!" "Where is it?" In a moment the fire-alarm sounded. She began to count

mechanically "1-2-3-4—1-2-3—why, 43—that's our box! Good gracious, I wonder if it's near. I must go down!"

"Elinor!" came a shrill voice up the stairs. "Help! Fire!! this house is on fire; see the engine coming—oh, what shall we do? where is it?" Aunt Kate, helpless and panic-stricken, flying from one room to another, met Elinor half-way up the attic stairs. "I smell smoke here,—ah!" Elinor rushed to the door of the little room, remembering in that supreme moment her careless wish that the house would burn down, and that she herself had left the candle where it must have tipped over on to the husk mattress when the door blew shut.

She opened the door a crack; a puff of smoke nearly blinded her. There was the old mattress blazing away, and the curtain, which had also caught fire, had attracted the notice of some passer-by. The chemical engine was already clanging up the street. Elinor shut the door quickly and ran to the front window. "Send two men up here," she called. "The fire is in the back attic; take your hose around the yard."

She drew back as two men hurried up the attic stairs. They opened the door of the little room, tore down the curtain, stamped on it, and threw the blazing mattress out of the window, just as the hose was getting into position. A few pails of water did the work, and when Mr. Marvin hurried up from the newspaper office, pale and panting, the whole thing was over, and nothing hurt but the old blackened mattress out on the lawn. Father was put into his easy-chair by a little white-faced daughter, and was given a sip of cherry cordial before she told him how it happened.

"Wasn't it lucky mother was away for the day, dad? She would have been so frightened! It was all my carelessness, and—well, father, dear, somehow to-day I just found out something about myself; so it is worth it, even that horrible moment when I opened that door. Doesn't it

say somewhere purified 'so as by fire'? Well, that's me,—I, I mean, you know," and Elinor, incoherent, but smiling, drew her father's patient grizzled head on to her shoulder and kissed it.

The old house did not become immediately dear to Elinor, but she began to show more interest in it for her father's sake. Her brown eyes looked bravely into the little swinging glass when she braided her hair in the morning; the missing dimple began to show again when at noon she told of some amusing happening at school. At night she would find time to sing to father, or talk a few minutes before settling down to study.

The girls at school began to like this gayer edition of the silent little girl of three months ago. A few skating parties and sleigh-rides brought the roses to pale cheeks; a very

becoming fur hat came at Christmas from Cousin Sarah, together with money for some music lessons. Life, even in Dumfield, began to look bright to Elinor.

"Mother, I'm beginning to like the country," she whispered one night; "we are all together, warm and cosy, and—well, we have enough to eat and to wear, even if it is made over, and, mother dear, I'm going to tutor that stupid Naseby girl for a month, and with the money buy you the prettiest Easter bonnet in Dumfield, see if I don't!"

Life is made up of little things. Elinor never told of the old letter which had opened her eyes and had taught her those wonderful lessons of unselfish love, deep pity and sympathy, but one day Mr. Marvin looked up at his tall lassie and said, "Elinor, you grow more like your grandmother every day. I can't say anything better. Ever since the day of the fire, you have been so changed, so kind and thoughtful; was it the shock and alarm that made you feel how dear the old house was?"

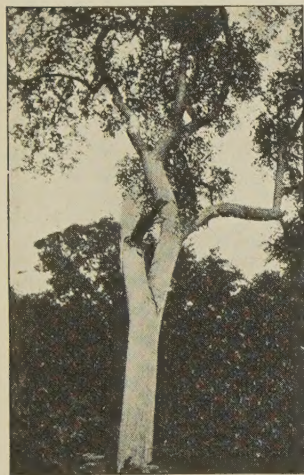
"Perhaps so, father, and perhaps something else that the fire-bells will always bring back to me. I guess it was what they call, a 'still alarm.'"

The Healing Tree.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

GRANDPA smiled brightly as he took the pictures which Mabel had brought to him.

"Here is the pasture where I went after



the cows so many times when I was a boy," he said. "And how glad I am to get the picture of the tree that I laid Benny Waite under after I had saved him from the deep pool into which he had fallen—it took all of my strength to get him ashore!"

"For years we called it 'The Healing Tree.' Late one afternoon a man rode up to our log cabin and shouted, 'Poisoned—my father is poisoned!' We all knew what that cry meant. The country was very full of rattlesnakes in those days. Father had learned from the Indians about a plant that would cure people when they were bitten by the rattlers. He had saved many lives by boiling this plant in milk and giving it to the neighbors who were poisoned."

"I'll be there," said my father. And then he quickly turned to me, 'Jimmy, I have only enough of the Cure Fern left to stop the poison for a while. I will take that along. You can soon find a lot more in the places which I have showed you. Bring it to me as soon as you can, and Neighbor Jarrett will be out of doors again.'

"I ran into the woods as fast as I could. But when I got to the places where I hoped to find the precious plant there was not a leaf of it to be seen. I then ran to a great butternut tree. I dashed in among the

pinces—they all whispered and sighed, 'No help here.' The sun was dropping low in the west, and the shadows were creeping and crawling everywhere.

"Just then, when I was nearly out of breath, I stooped down at the foot of this old tree you see in the picture. It was getting so dark there that I had to crawl on my hands and knees. Then I shouted so that the birds flitted from their nests here and there, and a kingfisher went shrilly clacking up the river. I had found the precious plant that father wanted! It was taller than any of its kind that I had seen all summer. I soon had my hands full of the green leaves, and dashed through the dark woods. Father was anxiously waiting for me at our neighbor's door. He needed the medicine at once.

"'Oh, my good boy,' he cried, as he held me tight in his strong arms, 'I know just where this grew. How dark it must have been under that tree! You have saved a life—this plant is full of strength.'

"'It was the tree made it strong,' I said as well as I could. 'Let's never cut it down—though it's been broken some by the storms. It's the Healing Tree.' And so it was known in the whole neighborhood. Some of the people used to nod their heads gratefully, and say, 'It should be the Jimmy Tree—the little fellow wouldn't give up hunting for the Cure Fern.' But I was only doing my duty, girlie, just as I know you will help all the people you can. We'll hang up the picture where lots of folks can see it."

Didn't Know Who Owned the Hat.

A NOTED college president, attending a banquet in Boston, was surprised to see that the colored man who took the hats at the door gave no checks in return.

"He has a most wonderful memory," a fellow diner explained. "He's been doing that for years and prides himself upon never making a mistake."

As the college president was leaving the darkey passed him his hat. "How do you know that this one is mine?"

"I don't know it, suh," admitted the darkey.

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"'Cause yo' gave it to me, suh."

The Birds.

ROBIN told me, so I know
All the birds will have to go,
Yellow bill and shining feather,
In the pleasant autumn weather.

Robin told me, so I know
Soon will come the ice and snow.
Where the passion flowers are glowing,
All the birds will now be going.

Robin told me, so I know
Thrushes, too, will have to go,
Swallows with their blue backs shining,
Where the myrtle boughs are twining.

Robin told me, so I know
Darling bluebirds, too, must go.
Yellow-throats will soon be singing
Where the red, red rose is springing.

Robin told me, so I know
All my birds will have to go;
But, when springtide bees are humming,
Back again they'll all be coming.

KATE L. BROWN.

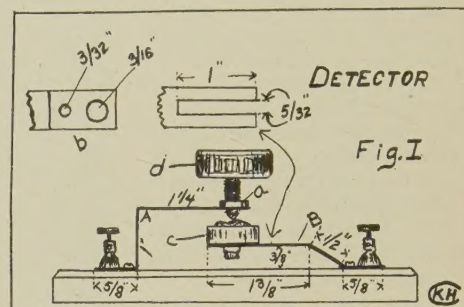
How to make a Wireless Receiving Set.

BY KENNETH H. CASSON.

In Four Parts. Part I.

MUCH pleasure and practical experience may be gained by building the wireless receiving set that I shall endeavor to explain. This set, carefully made of good materials, will receive wireless messages from sending stations not more than fifty miles away.

There are five parts, viz., tuning coil, detector, condenser, telephone receiver, and aerial. The whole set ought not to cost more than \$3.00.



The first instrument to be made is the detector. The work of the detector is to change the wireless waves so that they may be heard in the receiver. Make a base of whatever wood you want, 4 inches long, 3 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick. Bevel the upper edges so that the instrument will look well when completed. Next cut a piece of springy brass or copper, not very thick, 2 1/2 inches long and 1/2 inch wide. Bend this as in A, Fig. I. Bore a 3/8 inch hole 3/8 inch from the end of the long piece, a, Fig. I. Solder over this hole a brass nut that has a 1/8 inch thread. Bore two holes in the small part, as shown at b, Fig. I. These holes are for the screw and the binding-post. Cut another piece, 2 1/2 inches by 1/2 inch, and bend as shown at B, Fig. I. In the long end cut a slot 1 inch long and 5/32 inch wide, and in the other bore two holes the same as in the first piece. Now get the brass cap off the carbon of an old battery (C, Fig. I). Clean this out with a piece of fine sandpaper, and put it in the slot, first loosening the nut a little. Buy a small piece of silicon, a thumbscrew with a hard rubber knob (d, Fig. I), and two screw binding-posts. Be sure that the thumbscrew has a 1/8 inch thread. These will cost about 35 or 40 cents.

Mount the springs so that the center of the nut is over the center of the slot. Put a small screw through the small holes in the ends of the springs. Screw the binding-posts into the large holes. Next put the silicon in the cup, and screw the thumbscrew into the nut in the upper spring. Give the base a coat of stain or shellac, and the detector is finished.

Summed Up.

THE boy that by Addition grows,
And suffers no Subtraction,
Who Multiplies the things he knows
And carries every Fraction,
Who well Divides his precious time,
The right proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Due Interest receiving.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Sunbeams.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

ON my window sill, one day,
I thought some fairies were at play;
But looking closer I could see
No fairies there but sunbeams three;
And as I looked in wonderment,
They sang this merry song to me:

"Sunbeams, we,
One, Two, Three!
Joy and Cheer and little Glee!
In our shining golden shoes
We go where people have the blues;
And we dance to make them see
There is sunshine everywhere
That happy words and faces fare!
Sunbeams, we,
One, Two, Three!"

Lightly on my window sill
Danced the sunbeams merrily;
In my room the brightness shone
Till no shadows I could see.
Now, when I am feeling blue
Comes the memory to me
Of Joy and Cheer and little Glee—
Sunbeams, One, Two, Three!

An Outdoor Sunday School.

BY CHARLES A. MURDOCK.

SUNDAY schools are in need of all the help they can get from one another, and if anything new holds promise of helpfulness, it should be passed along. In general, the Sunday schools in California are



A Class of Girls and Boys not too Large to go to Sunday School.

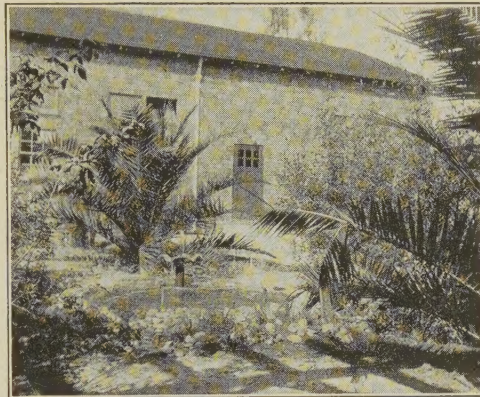
much like their sisters everywhere, but I want to tell you of one a little different. It takes a combination of favorable influences to make anything new that is really good, but down in Palo Alto we have them.

Perhaps you would like to know what the two Spanish words that give the town its name mean. Palo is literally a stake. It is the equivalent of our noun pale, from which we get the more familiar word, impale. Alto means high. Our word altitude is its English cousin. If you were at the station at Palo Alto, looking at the train coming from San Francisco, you would see a single, towering redwood tree, growing beside the stream that, flowing from the western ridge, seeks the waters of the bay. It is a lone sentinel, stretching its head far above the oaks that dot the landscape. Its crown is light, and its slightly tapering column is very like a stake. It is the "tall stake" that named the region which within my memory was a

peaceful grain-field. Now there is a thriving and beautiful little city there, and a great university less than a mile away.

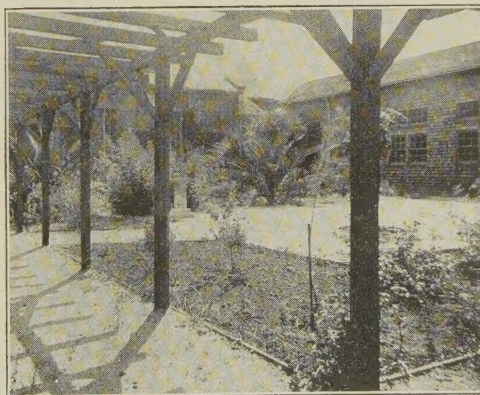
At Palo Alto there is a Unitarian church, whose minister, Rev. Clarence Reed, worked out a fresh and interesting plan for an Open Air Sunday School, which, so far as I know, is the first attempt to apply to a Sunday school methods that have been highly successful in the day school.

The climate of Palo Alto and the location and character of the church site were favorable to the plan. The church building and a Social Hall erected last year cover two sides of the large corner lot. A pergola was built around the other two sides, leaving an enclosed garden, fifty by seventy feet, as the meeting place of the Sunday school in pleasant weather. In the center of the garden is a graveled court, twenty-five by forty feet,



Portion of Garden at Palo Alto Church where the Sunday School Meets.

where the opening and closing exercises of the school are held. The classes meet in different places under the pergola, in the shadow of the vine-covered church, or beside the Social Hall against which hang clusters of purple wistaria. There is a small fountain, which during the school session is always playing. A sand-box in one corner is large enough for all the kindergarten class to work in at one time. There is a sun-dial, a profusion of growing plants and shrubs, and flowers for beauty. Of course there are benches for those who would sit, and many objects of interest. Birds are at home here, and insects submit to study without complaint. There is sunshine, or shade if that is



Pergola surrounding Garden in rear of Palo Alto Church.

more agreeable. The sky is cloudless, the air is pure and fresh with just a suggestion of flower fragrance. All is beautiful, peace-



A Class of California Boys who Enjoy an Outdoor Sunday School.

ful, and inspiring. Any one who could teach at all, could teach here. One instinctively thinks of the greatest of all teachers, seated on some Galilean hill-slope, as he talked familiarly with those who came unto him, pointing to the wayside flowers, and saying, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," or exhorting those troubled about many things to be as trustful as the birds of the air that "sow not, neither do they reap." The birds were there where he taught, resting on the mustard trees, or following the sower of the seed. The flower "more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory," was a real, growing flower, not a botanical specimen, or a picture in a book.

You will be glad to read a little account of this school and the garden in which it is held, written by the minister himself. He says:

The garden is not only a place of beauty, but it is also an expression of love. One side of the pergola was given as a memorial to one of the founders of our society, who was a great lover of children. The sun-dial was presented by one of the pupils, the concrete base on which it rests was made by a member of the adult class of the Sunday school, and the fountain and fish-pond by the parents of two of the pupils. Flowers, ferns, and shrubbery, as well as money, have been freely given to help work out this plan. Most of the flowers and shrubbery have been planted by the minister in order to preserve unity in the plan and to secure mass effects.

One purpose of the outdoor Sunday school has been to discover the symbolism that will make religious ideals real to boys and girls. Ant and spider houses were constructed in order to teach industry by the observance of the habits of ants, and perseverance by the study of spiders. A bird's nest in a rose bush has been guarded by the pupils as a sacred trust. A class of boys has been held spellbound by a graduate student of Stanford University, through the teaching of religious ideals by means of a series of experiments illustrating the great discoveries of science. Artist's clay has been used to make a map of Palestine, and to build an Oriental house.

The results of these experiments in connection with the outdoor Sunday school have been to double the attendance, one-half of the pupils coming from families not previously interested in the church; to greatly increase the interest of the pupils in the lessons, and to develop a strong devotion to the Sunday school.

Out of doors is the place to teach when climate permits, and in California it not only permits, but encourages. What Mr. Reed has done in Palo Alto may not be possible everywhere,—certainly not all the year round; but it gives a suggestion of some things that may be tried almost anywhere for some part of the year.

Live pure, speak truth, right wrong,
Else wherefore born?

TENNYSON.

Evening Prayer.

VLYN JOHNSON.

JOYOUS as the birdlings,
Lovely as the flowers,
Let us always seek to be
In our waking hours,
Then when night, O Master,
Finds us fast asleep,
Little children, birds, and flowers,
In thy fond care keep.

Exchange.

From the Editor to You.

Pleasing God. Every one who thinks how great are God's blessings to us wants to do something in return for them. Even a child is glad of the chance.

"Oh, what may little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?"

asks one of the children's hymns; and it gives answer that hands, lips, eyes, and heart of the child are pleasing God when they find some work of helpfulness.

Once people believed that the most pleasing thing to God was to spend long hours in prayer, to sing many hymns, to be as much as possible at worship. The "Saints" in that time were those who lived apart from the world's work and its cares.

There was in France, says a famous old story, a clown whose heart was quickened with a desire to serve God. "I will no longer play tricks at the fair and in the market to make the people laugh," he said. "I will live the life of religion, with the monks of St. Bernard."

So he sold his horse and his spangled suit, and entered the monastery. There the poor clown found that he had no skill to do what the monks considered religious service. One day in a quiet chapel all alone, before a shrine of Mary, he spoke his thoughts aloud. "I cannot do what the others do," he said. "I cannot sing. I cannot learn words. All I have learned is to be a clown. Will it not please Our Lady if I do what I am able to do best?"

So he laid aside his monk's robe, and stood before the shrine in the tight suit men wore as acrobats at the circus. There, all alone, before the image, he leaped and danced, walked on his hands, turned heels over head, and performed all the tricks with which he used to delight the crowd. The monks were singing in the larger chapel, and the sound of their voices came in to him. While they sang hymns, he danced and pranced, in his desire to please God. When the songs stopped and he had dressed himself again in his white robe, he was very weary. Bowing low before the image, he prayed: "O Lady, may my service please you. I have done what I could."

Day after day this went on, and no one knew except the clown and God. Then some one happened to see the jumping monk performing his queer tricks. For several days he was secretly watched; the matter was reported to the abbot, who sent word that he wanted to see him.

With a sinking heart the clown knelt before the abbot, and tears ran down his cheeks.

"Tell me," said the father of the house, "how you serve God; for I never see you doing what the other monks do."

Then the clown told him all. "Only one thing, Father, have I learned to do well. I am a tumbler. So I have given that as my

service." He groaned as he spoke, fearing he would be sent away from the monastery, or made to do hard penance.

But the abbot spoke kindly to him, saying it was no shame to do such leaping and tumbling before the shrine, since he was doing the best he could.

So the clown's heart was made glad; and because of the sort of service he gave, he was called by the Brothers, "Our Lady's Tumbler." When he died, they buried him in the choir of the church, where they placed the honored dead.

We could wish that the clown might have known that pleasing the people and making them laugh, if he did his best and lived a clean strong life, was also pleasing God. But he did his best in the light of the time in which he lived, and gave what he had to give. Every child, every man or woman, may do the same. Jesus gave especial praise to a woman whom others blamed, who had done him a service, saying, "She hath done what she could." That does not mean that her offering was slight, it means that it was *her best*. Whoever does that is helping the world grow better, and is pleasing God.

A Better Game.

BY BARBARA PALMER.

ADELAIDE and Jessie stood at the play-room window and watched their two brothers and four other boys playing across the street. Two of the boys carried air-rifles, two had sticks whittled into the shape of guns, the smallest boy of all carried a drum, while the oldest was blind-folded and stood against the wall of the opposite house.

"One, two, three, fire!" shouted the drummer-boy, and instantly the one with the bandaged eyes fell flat on the sidewalk. One boy went over to him, felt his heart, turned him over with his foot, and then joined his companions and marched up the street to the beat of the drum. The boy on the sidewalk lay so still that the little girls, who did not understand the game, were frightened.

"Oh, sister, let's run out and see if Brother Tom is hurt," little Jessie cried. They hurried to the street and bent over their brother. His eyes were tightly closed, and the children in their fright shook him, crying,

"Wake up, Tom; oh, do wake up!"

His eyes opened, and he pushed them roughly aside.

"Go away," he said. "I've been shot as a spy, and I have to lie here until they dig my grave."

"But, Tom, they can't put you in the ground; they'll kill you," said little Jessie, beginning to cry.

"They won't really bury him, goosey," said her older sister, "but, anyway, I think it's a horrid game to play. Come play with us, Tom. We will make up a much nicer game."

"I won't," said her brother, rudely. "Girls always play silly babyish games. They don't know anything about war."

"No, and I'm glad we don't," said Adelaide. "Father said to mother at breakfast that he was sorry there had been so much talk of the war before us children, and that it was spoiling boys' play and 'brutalizing' them. I asked him what 'brutalizing' meant, and he said it meant making you cruel. I am going to tell mother that you are playing cruel games."

Mother looked up from her pile of mending as they ran into her room.

"Well, dearies, what is the matter?"

"Mother, the boys are shooting and burying each other, and father doesn't like them to play war. Make them come play a game with us. We haven't had any fun this afternoon."

"I believe the easiest way to make them play with you is to start a game that is more fun than theirs," said mother. "I'll dress you up like Red Cross nurses, and you can turn the porch couch and hammock into hospital beds. There can be 'pretend' wounded soldiers in them. You shall have sugar pills for the sickest ones, and cookies and lemonade for those who are getting well, then perhaps the boys will find that there is more pleasure in curing than in killing."

The girls were soon playing happily on the porch. The spy still lay across the street, but he must have been tired of waiting for his grave to be dug, for he called to his sisters:

"What are you doing over there?"

"We're Red Cross nurses, taking care of the wounded," they answered.

"I don't see any wounded. You're just pretending," mocked Tom.

"Come, let us dress your wounds, Tom. It would be such fun to have a really, truly soldier to play with," Adelaide begged.

"Not on your life," he said, but then his eyes lighted on the pitcher of lemonade. "Well, I'll come, but only until the fellows are ready to bury me."

Lying in the hammock and getting cooling drinks proved more to his taste than lying on the hard sidewalk in the sun. When the soldier boys came marching back, to find their victim gone, he called to them:

"Say, fellows, come play hospital, and you'll get some lemonade. It would be better to bury me at sundown, anyway."

The boys, overheated from digging, were not unwilling. Soon they were as absorbed as the girls. When the last drop of lemonade and the last sugar pill were gone, they decided it was time for the war to be over.

"Let's have a peace conference and make treaties. I'll be King George," suggested the oldest boy.

"I'll be the Kaiser," shouted another.

They were still arguing over their different titles when the lunch bell rang.

"Come back as soon as you can after lunch, boys," said Tom. "It will be great fun making the terms of peace."

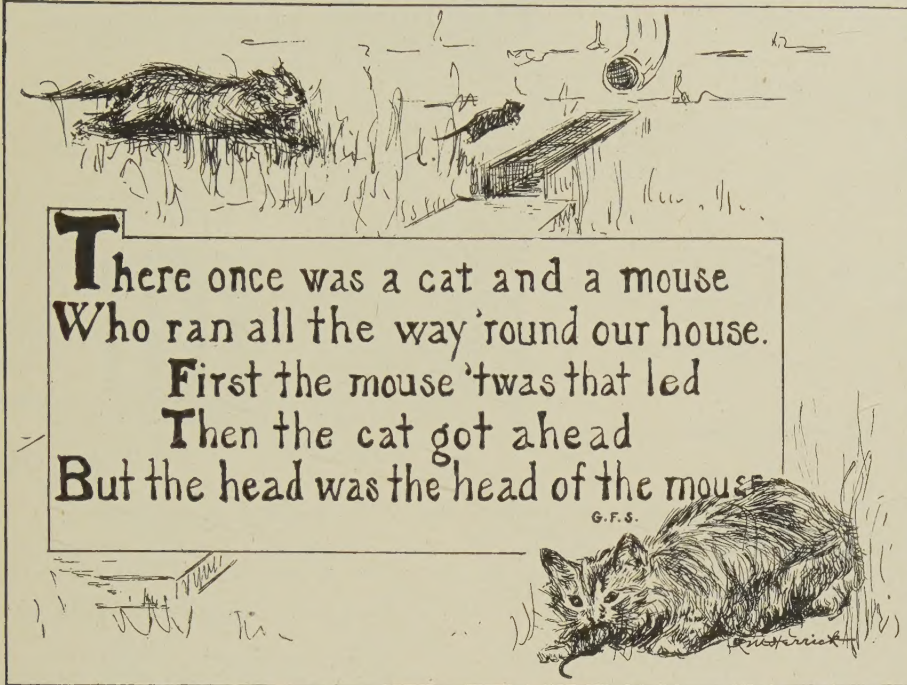
"You seem to be having a fine time all together," said mother, from the head of the table.

"Oh, yes, we boys got tired of fighting. Playing at making peace is a better game for such a hot day."

"It's a better game for any day," said mother. "Boys, I'll do all I can to help you get up other games if you'll promise not to play war again. Daddy and I both believe that it's best not to talk of it any more than we can help. I hope that after this dreadful war is over the manufacturers of toys won't make any more leaden soldiers or toy forts, and that there will be no more books about fighting written for boys. There are surely enough better things in this world to do and to write about—things that will keep you far happier, and help to make you good and peace-loving men."

"You sure are right, mother," her sons agreed.

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



Grandmother's Bed-time Game.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

THERE never was a little girl whose games were more real to her than were Twinkle's. She played from morning till night; and even then she did not stop, for there was always a bed-time romp. Of late, she had begun tossing about and talking of her play in her sleep.

"She plays too hard," the doctor said. And then Great-grandmother came for a visit, and she said the same.

"Won't thee come and sit by me?" she asked one night when Twinkle was having a romp with her dog.

Twinkle came and sat down in her little chair, her eyes dancing eagerly. She thought it very funny to hear Grandmother talk, because she said thee and thou instead of you. "Let's play Quaker Meeting," she proposed.

"Very well," answered Grandmother. "Thee must sit very still then and have good thoughts. They are the kind a little girl should go to sleep on."

Twinkle sat very quiet and demure for a long time. Then Grandmother shook hands with her, which meant that meeting was over.

"Tell me about when you were a little girl," she then demanded.

"I will tell thee about the first time I went to meeting," answered Grandmother. "I had often asked to go, but Mother thought I was too young to sit still so long. One First Day, she said to me, 'Phebe Ann, thee may go with us, to-day.'"

"Phebe Ann! What a funny name!" broke in Twinkle.

"I suppose," answered Grandmother, "that we would have thought Twinkle a very funny name."

"Oh," answered Twinkle, "they call me that because my eyes won't stay still. My real name is Gwendolyn."

"We would probably have thought Gwendolyn a stranger name than Phebe Ann," smiled Grandmother. "Well," she went on, "after a long ride, I was seated beside Mother in the meeting-house. I was interested for a while. The old people sat facing us on high seats—Uncle John Hemmingway on the highest with his hands on the top of his cane. I knew that meeting would not be over till he shook hands with his neighbor. It was a warm, still day. The bees outside hummed very drowsily, and the doves seemed cooing a sleepy song. Pretty soon, I yawned a long, sleepy yawn like this."

Twinkle imitated Grandmother's long-drawn yawn.

"And then," Grandmother went on, "I yawned again. Then my eyelids began to grow, oh, so heavy! They would keep falling down."

Grandmother smiled as Twinkle imitated her sleepy actions.

"At last," she continued, "I began to nod, this way, and then my head dropped down on Mother's shoulder and my breathing became so loud that it sounded in that quiet place like a snore. Mother leaned over to waken me, but just then she saw Uncle John Hemmingway looking at me, and at

once he turned and shook hands with his neighbor. She said she always thought it was because he was sorry for me.

"Well, when I awoke, I was lying on the lounge at home, very much ashamed to learn that I had 'snored out loud in meeting,' as I afterward said."

"Is that all? Let's play going to meeting," proposed Twinkle, ever ready for a new game. "I'll be Phebe Ann, and you be the mother."

The game was as true to life as Twinkle's games always were; but when she wakened from her long nap at the close, a great deal of the twinkle was gone from her eyes. "I believe," she murmured drowsily, "that I'll say my prayers now and go to bed. May we play Phebe Ann again tomorrow night?"

After that "Phebe Ann" took the place of the bed-time romp. When it began to grow old, Grandmother brought out the very dress she had worn as a little girl, and dressed in this with prim kerchief and cap, Twinkle never tired of the new game.

One day the doctor came in. "Why, what medicine has made these so round and rosy?" he asked, pinching Twinkle's cheeks.

"I've been playing go to meeting," answered Twinkle. "I have to have good thoughts there. Grandmother says they are good for children to go to bed on."

"Indeed they are!" laughed the doctor, "good for any one. What do you think about?"

"I always think that I'll stop teasing Mother to let me sit up longer, and it's funny, but since I've been playing Phebe Ann, I don't want to any more."

Some Garden Talk.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

A whisper came out of the vegetable patch—

The faint little murmur I managed to catch;

Brother Corn said the news had just come to his ears;

Miss Celery's heart grew so weak, she shed tears.

While Mrs. Potato, with eyes very bright,

Declared that "she knew she'd grow mealy with fright;"

The cabbages drooped heavy heads in despair,

And all on account of Jack Frost's coming there!



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Letters will be published so far as space permits; the most original and interesting will be chosen. The names of all whose letters do not appear will be printed in the lists. The Beacon Club button will be sent to each member when the letter is received. Write on one side of the paper. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE religious fellowship of this Club is inclusive, as the next two letters show. We now have members in Unitarian, Universalist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian Science, Episcopal, and Baptist churches.

S. RAWDON, HANTS COUNTY, N.S., CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Baptist Sunday school. There is only Sunday school in the summer. I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. One of my friends who takes *The Beacon* sent me some of them. I was so pleased with it that I wanted to join the Club. Please may I join the Club?

Your little friend,

EVELYN F. CREED.
(11 years old.)

MATTAPAN, MASS.,
16 Ridge Road.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. I go with a girl who gets *The Beacon* and I am very desirous to become a member of the Club.

I find *The Beacon* a very interesting paper, and like the stories very much indeed.

I am thirteen years old.

Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET G. DRUMMOND.

AYER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—Mrs. Barker, our Sunday school superintendent, said that she would like to have a concert. She would like to have something about David because we have just been studying about him. We have had the stories of young David, David and Goliath, and some others. We have almost finished the Hebrews beginners' book. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. May I?

Yours truly,

BERYL PROCTOR.

AYER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been to Sunday school for five years and have been out only the times when I was out of town or sick.

Mr. Sanford is our minister. I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school. Mrs. Barker is my teacher. There are five in my class.

I take *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I do the puzzles every Sunday and like them the best.

I am nearly nine years old. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

GLADYS PROCTOR.

HALIFAX, N.C.,
Route 2, Box 20.

Dear Miss Buck,—I do not go to Sunday school (because there is not one near enough). But I get *The Beacon* and enjoy it very much. I wish to become a member of your Beacon Club. I think "Swallow and Company, Sugar-makers" is a nice story. I love to do things to help at home.

My papa died last June. I am my mama's only child. I get very lonely sometimes. Although I have several pets and help mama attend to her chickens.

I am eleven years old.

Your little friend,

VIOLA VIRGINIA SMITH.

It was truly an "early bird" that sent the first letter to reach the Beacon Club this autumn. This letter arrived promptly Monday morning after the first number of *The Beacon* had been received on Sunday.

ARLINGTON, MASS.,
15 Windermere Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Universalist Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I am eleven years old.

Affectionately,

RICHARD BIRD.

Another Richard was not far behind this one.

GROTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little boy eight years old and go to Sunday school every Sunday. My minister's name is Mr. Cressey and my teacher's name is Miss Gray. I would like to join the Beacon Club. We have lots of squirrels in our yard and I feed them butternuts.

I am your friend,

RICHARD APPLETON TORREY.

Then the letters came thick and fast, not all of which can be published.

Dear Miss Buck,—My name is Genevieve Plunkett and I live in Petersham, Mass. I go to Sunday school every Sunday that I can and I get *The Beacon*. My sister's name is Pauline Plunkett. I would like a Beacon pin if I could have one. I am eight years old. My grandpa was a soldier in the Civil War and I am very much interested in the Liberty Bell on page 6 in *The Beacon*, for every night it is moved on a truck that my uncle invented. From

G. P.

List of Club members whose letters we had not space to publish: Franklin Dodge, Alameda, Cal.; Watson Hook, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.; Katherine Kindred and Barbara Pinney, Greeley, Col.; Frances Bisdee, Letha Engel, and Belle Walker, Shelbyville, Ill. In Massachusetts, Evelyn L. Fleet, Brighton; Muriel Crosby and Olive Chandler Hill, East Boston; Cassie Mosgrove, Fairhaven; George F. Maynard and Eleanor Henderson, Hingham; Albert Angell and Maynard Draper, Hopedale; Ruth Graves, North Easton; Edward F. Smith, West Upton; Gladys May Shaffer, Hubbardston; Virginia A. and Dorothy Berdge, Hyde Park; Allouise May and Dorothy West, Jamaica Plain. Otis and Ray Hanslick, Somerville, who tell us "Every month we have a Sunday-school party, which we enjoy indeed; we all do love our minister, Rev. C. A. Drummond"; Blanch Watson, Ellsworth, Me.; Bernard Walton and Harry A. Walton, Franklin, N.H.; Nellie Ada Johnson, Lebanon, N.H.; Priscilla Mallett, Elizabeth, N.J.; Mabel W. Fentriss, New Brighton, S. I.; Matilda Kunzel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Nathan Foster, Eugene, Ore.; Clarice E. and Kenneth J. Gibson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ruth Peters, Josephine and Walter Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Glenn Thomas, Montpelier, Vt.; Annie Lloyd and Ruby A. Gibson, and Lottie Kelber, Lynchburg, Va.; Leslie Howard and Alcira Merrill, Burlington, Vt.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 13, 7, 12, is a relation.

My 11, 3, 8, 10, is a flower.

My 22, 16, 2, is an answer to a question.

My 4, 10, 20, is not many.

My 5, 16, 10, 26, 18, are very necessary.

My 9, 19, 8, 27, is an important duty.

My 25, 15, 3, 17, 18, 16, 24, is not myself.

My 14, 22, 16, is a grain.

My 6, 23, 21, 22, is not at home.

My whole is a well-known proverb.

JESSICA L. SWAIN.

ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 3, 4, is a boy's nickname.

My 4, 5, 6, 14, is a body of things collectively.

My 9, 5, 8, 11, is a little valley.

My 12, 15, 16, is a Spanish title.

My 3, 10, 14, 13, 6, is a fertile spot in the desert.

My 7, 2, is an exclamation.

My whole is the name of a great inventor.

FRED SCHAUBEL.

HIDDEN IN SHELLS.

1. He brought Alec rabbits every time he came.
2. From the attic, Lambeth Castle towers could be seen.
3. The carpenters nailed the shingles on before the storm.
4. The school master spoke to the boy sternly.
5. They crossed the isthmus seldom pausing to rest.—*The Myrtle*.

A CONUNDRUM.

Some brothers went out West to raise cattle. They wrote back to their parents that they had named the ranch "Focus." Why?

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Behead and curtail five five-letter words leaving three-letter words. Behead and curtail these in turn and leave the name of a wholesome fruit.

1. Confined.—To grow old visibly.
2. Exposed to the air.—Anger.
3. Raises up.—Organ of hearing.
4. A drunkard.—To unclothe.
5. Limit.—A number.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 4.

ENIGMA IX.—Many hands make light work.

ENIGMA X.—Lilac bush.

CONCEALED TREES.—1. Maple. 2. Elm. 3. Chestnut. 4. Oak. 5. Fir. 6. Cedar. 7. Pine. 8. Hemlock. 9. Pear. 10. Palm.

LETTER PUZZLE.—J-o-s-h-u-a.

WORD SQUARE.—R A T S

A C H E

T H I N

S E N D

THE BEACON

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